



THALIA TRIUMPHANS.

TO THE
RIGHT HONOURABLE
THE
Lord COBHAM,
ON HIS
HAPPY MARRIAGE.

A
Congratulatory POEM.

Non fragrat nisi flagrat Amor.

By E. SETTLE.

L O N D O N,

Printed in the Year, MDCCXV.

(3)

Thalia Triumphans.

VVhen the Great FOUNDER this vast Pile began,
And ended with his sixth Day's Labour, MAN,
His Greateſt Work the Laſt ; ſtampt in his own
Bright IMAGE, call'd to th' Universal Throne :
Yes Earth, Heav'n, Stars, and Sun, the whole wide Round
All built for Him, all to his Service bound,
Theſe humbler Glories in the Front appear,
Whiſt MAN, true SOVERAIGN-like, brought up the Reer.
This Fav'rite Head what tho' ſo high enſtall'd ?
Th' All-giving GOD ev'n for new Bleſſings call'd :
To make this Lordly Creature Greater ſtill,
Ev'n th' higheſt Graſp of his Ambition fill,
His LIFE's Beſt HALF, ſole Partner of his Joys,
SOUL of his SOUL, he form'd the BEAUTEOUS EYES.
With this fair Mate of Empire, given to joyn
His Sovereignty, and moulded all Divine,
Ta'n from his Side, t' his Side return'd again,
Not truly Crown'd till now th' Almighty bid him reign.

This

This Lovely Form, the Master-Work of Heav'n,
Wisely to Man's embracing Arms was given ;
All that could make a Universe so fair
Ev'n worth a Thought, or Life it self a Care.

When th' Happy BRIDEGROOM thus takes to his Arms
Honour, Wit, Beauty, Youth, Lord of such Charms ;
Why do we wish him Joy ! Methinks to pay
That empty Vow throws a vain Breath away :
'Tis wishing Treasure to an Indian Mine ;
Or Glory to the Sun's Meridian Shine.
Compar'd to LOVE's Rich Chace, why all that Toil
For Mines of Gold, both th' East and Western Spoil ?
Let ev'n COLUMBUS, his proud Sails unfurld,
Plume in the Glory of a new-found World ;
All empty Pride, Great LOVE, compar'd to thine :
'Tis thy discover'd Treasures truly shine.
Thou, Happier Voyager, without a Boast,
Dost only lead to the true Golden Coast.

Nay, not the very Hands that hold the Reins
Of the driv'n World, not Scepter'd SOVERAIGNS

In

Thalia Triumphans.

5

In all the Pride of Life, and Pomp of Pow'r,
Can up to Half LOVE's heightend Raptures tour.
Ev'n the proud *MACEDON*'s Young *AMMON* drest
With the Rich Spoils of his whole Conquer'd *East*,
What tho' he drove o're his own Vassal Globe,
Deckt in Pow'r's Haughtiest Majestick Robe,
Of all that Glories vainer Plumes possest,
Still far beneath the *BRIDEGROOM*'s brighter Crest;
So much LOVE's *Coronation Chaplet* breathes
More fragrant Odours than Imperial Wreaths:
So much his Lighter Joys and Spritelier Gems
Out-shine the duller Load of Diadems,
LOVE from his Richer Throne looks ev'n with Pity down:
On all the poorer Brows that sweat beneath a Crown.

Whilst LOVE then does to all this Feast invite,
To Bliss so Ravishing, Joys so Exquisite;
What can the Duteous *Muses* less then joyn
Their liveliest *Airs* t' assist these Rites Divine:
A Theme enough, in it's whole bright Array,
To bless the Morn and Consecrate the Day,

B

What:

What Songs can Hymen want? His Rites to cheer,
 Whole Constellations of the Great and Fair,
 With their best Vows, the Blessing and the Prayer,
 All meet to see the Sacred Gordian tyed,
 And with bent Knees Salute the Beauteous BRIDE ;
 Whilst one joyn'd Smile does in all Eyes appear :

Envy it self is an Adorer here.

Thus whilst to this Day's Joys the Muse dares soar,
 Let her not Boast her duteous Tribute more
 Then what whole Hundred Knees have paid before.

Led by those Hundreds Her best Airs are all
 But Copies from that loud Original :

Whilst t' hail the Bridal PAIR, all, all around
 Her fainter Airs in shriller Ecchoes dround,
 What clangors wake the Morn, and Tubes of Triumph
 No Songs too high, nor Joys too great, to pay (sound!
 The Rites to LOVE's Inauguration Day.

When warbling Throats salute the Love-crown'd Pair,
 Th' Harmonious Train pay nat'ral Homage there.

Love is it self but MUSICK more refin'd,
 Two well-tun'd Hearts in one soft Consort joyn'd.

Thou

Thalia Triumphans.

7

Thou then the envy'd Lord of all those Charms,
The beauteous *HALSET* in her *COBHAMS* Arms,
Claim thy Fair Prize; thy Nuptial Bed t' adorn,
A BRIDE, to Beauty's double Portion born:
By Heav'n, and her kind Parents deckt so Fair,
Their Own, and Rival Nature's equal Care;
Nature t' enrich the *Casket*, They the *Gem*;
Her EYES and MIND so match'd, each radiant Beam,
And early GRACE to her Young Breast instill'd,
Worthy the Lovely Angel Mould they fill'd.

And now, my LORD, from all your Martial Toys,
From *War's* rough Frowns call'd to *Love's* softer Smiles,
Your bloody Banner furl, and this blest Day,
Let nought but *Cupid's* gentler Streamers play.
And though thus stopt from Your Heroick Race,
Let *Love* no less Your Brows with Laurels grace.
Yes, Happy Sir, melt a long Life away,
A Life, but one continued Nuptial Day:
Th' inviolable Knot so strongly tye,
The Hymenal Honour rais'd so High,

Till

Till to behold in LOVE such *Leading Light*,
Ev'n the *blind Boy* no longer veil'd in Night,
Shall find his Eyes, and dazle at the Sight.
Nay, till with this Rich BRIDGROOM's Blessings charm'd,
All Hearts to VIRTUE even by Envy warm'd,
To copy such a Precedent Divine,
Shall Love like *COBHAM* and like *COBHAM* Shine.

Nay, to be Happier still, live, Sir, to see
Ev'n Your own founded Immortality;
Not only of Love's Richest JOYS posselt,
But with the FRUIT of Love as Richly Blest.
Yes, live to see Your Fruitful Table spread
With those sweet Pledges of the Genial Bed;
Those Lovely *Miniatures* to fill your Arms,
Heirs to a FATHER's *Honour*, MOTHER's *Charms*;
Copies that shall th' Original renew,
And make the Stock Immortal whence they grew.

F I N I S.